



LACEDAEMON



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LACEDAEMON

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Editor's

Message

In this book we, the staff of Lacedaemon '67, proudly present our view of this Centennial year at Beck. We hope you enjoy it.



As editor, I am greatly indebted to everyone who has helped in any way with the book . . . the long hours of thought and toil can only partially realized when looking through this book. Credit for this accomplishment will belong to them.

The Lacedaemon is a memory book. We hope it will recall and recreate many memorable moments that we have spent together this past year. We also hope it will be a permanent memento of the trials, the struggles, the successes, the rewards and the decisions that have evolved through this year of our high school education.

Now ahead of us we must strive for greater understanding and service for, the past is but a prologue to the future.

Carol Kennedy.



Principal's Message

A year ago we welcomed the return of our Yearbook in a modern and pleasing format. It is now my pleasure to congratulate the editor and her staff on the second edition of *Lacedaemon*.

They have built on last year's experience to produce a record which was even more complete than our first. The new features introduced have added much to this appeal. We are grateful to Carol Kennedy and the hard working people who have spent long hours on its preparation.

The activities illustrated necessarily emphasize the extra-curricular life at Beck. It is superfluous to observe that much serious work goes on also, as is evidenced by the large group of Ontario Scholars who brought us honour last year.

May you have many happy hours as you re-live the year through the *Lacedaemon*.

C. G. Chapman
(Principal)

Vice-Principal's Message



The pages of this Yearbook portray a very active and eventful year for the students of Sir Adam Beck. It has been a very meaningful and exciting experience for me personally. In my first year at Beck, I have been impressed with your academic prowess, school spirit and genuine friendliness. The many organizations, illustrated herein, are to be congratulated for their activities during the year. These serve to make your education a whole education and will probably be among your fondest memories of Beck.

I congratulate the graduates of 1966-67 and extend wishes that your future achievements will continue to be as satisfying and beneficial. Also, the people who are not graduating, but have successfully completed another grade in their formal education are to be congratulated. It is said that any fulfilment is a bondage. It drives us to a higher fulfilment. In years to come, you will find in the pages of this yearbook many happy memories and situations which will be recalled and cherished.

Mr. Jackson
(Vice-Principal)

PLACED AEMON STAFF



TYPISTS

Sharon Smithson, Muriel Dick, Betty Axon (seated), Daphne Weir, Wanda Henderson.



ADVERTISING AND PUBLICITY

Sabro Tuft, Renate Bruckschwoiger, Wanda Henderson, Bev. Belton, Rhea Flonigon.



LITERARY DEPT

Renate Bruckschwoiger, Dione Pulham, Carolyn Morrison, Terry Lynn Dick, (proof reader).



ART DEPT

Bob Fones, Gord Gilmore, Pete Vandembosch with a special thanks to Moia Howieson who designed all our Division Pages.



PHOTOGRAPHERS

Garry Crowther, Don Ball, Bob Hodge, who took, developed and assembled the candid pictures, and Joe Zeemon who prepared the Centennial Edition.



Students Council

The past year has been a difficult, but rewarding one for the Students' Council. I say difficult because there were a great many problems to solve and overcome; rewarding because the Council rose to the occasion and handled them well. Any Students' Council can carry on with the traditions of the past, follow in the footsteps of preceding Councils, but it is a real test of council spirit and strength when they attempt to break with these traditions and adopt ambitious changes and projects, which they feel will benefit the school.

This year, through council efforts a highly successful Spirit Club was formed - the "Green Giant", an ambitious Centennial Project - the financing of a Beck mural, was adopted. Spring Elections were put into effect and several smaller projects such as the United Appeal Drive, the Students' Council Auditorium and the Graduate Reunion were achieved. I would sincerely like to thank all those who have served so well on Council this past year. Only through teamwork have these efforts been rewarding.

To all those who are graduating, I wish every happiness and success. I sincerely hope that those of you who remain will take full advantage of all the opportunities offered here, not only academic, but also athletic, cultural, social and spiritual. At the same time I hope you will actively support and take an interest in your student government so that it may truly represent the will of the student body.

- Bob Zinner -
(President)

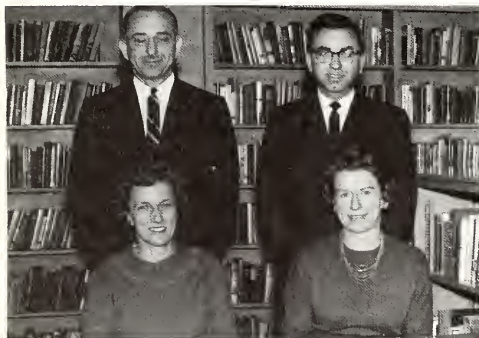




PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Mr. Sharratt, Mr. Dunlap, Mr. Fuller,
(seated) Miss Dimich, Mrs. Hutchinson,
Mrs. Ruddle.

GUIDANCE



Mr. Pirak, Mr. Sheeler,
Graber, Miss Bell.

GEOGRAPHY



Mr. Sharratt, Mr. Dunlap, (seated) Mr.
Nixon, Mr. Braund, Miss Dimich.

ENGLISH

Mr. Fowler, Mr. Hunt, Miss Langman,
Mrs. Ruddle, Miss Dietsche, Mr. Fagan,
(seated) Miss Lewis, Mr. Crapp, Miss
Graber.





MUSIC AND ART

Mr. Head, Mrs. Lundgren, Mr. Fagan.

INDUSTRIAL ARTS

Mr. Walker, Mr. Pirak.



HOME ECONOMICS

Mrs. Husband, Mrs. Ritenburg.

LIBRARY

Miss Langman, Miss Cummer.



COMMERCIAL

Mr. Nixon, Miss Braun, Mr. McCafferty.



MATHEMATICS

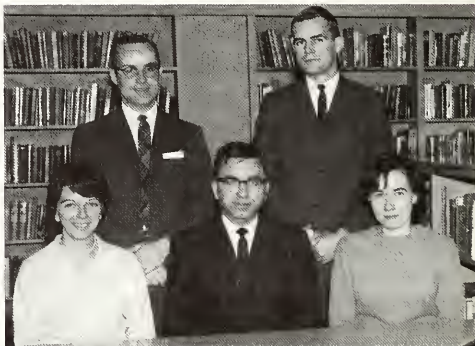
Mr. Stephenson, Mr. Walker, Mr. Head,
Mr. Altridge, Mr. Ofner, (seated) Mrs.
Colwill, Mr. Letts, Miss Hair.

LANGUAGES



Mr. Fitchett, Mr. Fuller, (seated) Miss
Waite, Mr. Sheeler, Miss Cummer.

HISTORY



Miss Liepin, Mr. Tuck, Miss Bere (seated),
Mr. Groat, Mr. Bartley.

SCIENCE

Mr. James, Mr. Benbow, Mr. Fletcher,
(seated) Mr. Daal, Mr. Franks, Mr.
Stephenson.





..s-s-slorp...



..holding up the ceiling



hey, what's that niner doing in the first noon hour



Whad'ya know, they're waving back



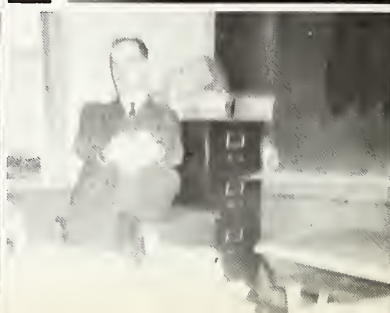
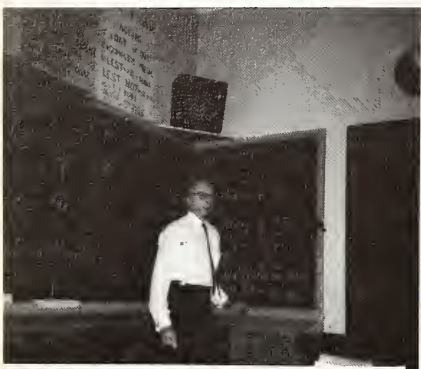
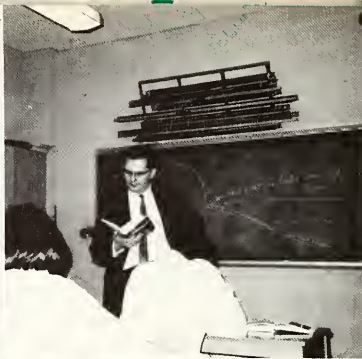
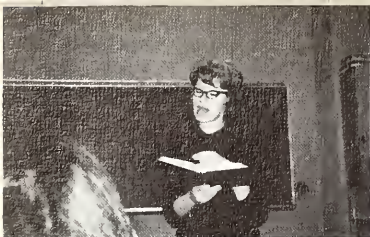
..holding down the floor..



Please, don't throw that book!



What d'ya mean my place or yours





GRADUATES



Fred
Lesser



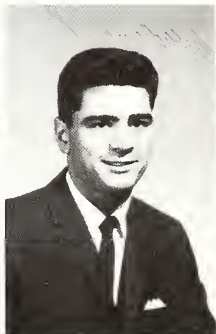
Ellen
Hopper



Kathy
Semple



Don
Matheson



Al
Goodhand



Borbora
Assman



Borry
Furlonger



Lindo
Hetherington



Christina
Dawson



Jeff
Nichol



Ken
Philbrook



Joan
Belton



Dzintra
Stirata



Fred
Humphries



Bob
Mason



Carol
Clinton



Barb
West



Stu
Leech



Terry Lynn
Dick



Alex
Whitelaw



Graham
Savage



Sharon
Evans



Jadia
Mitchell



Dave
Parkinson



Larry
Page



Pat
Dashford



Betty
Axon



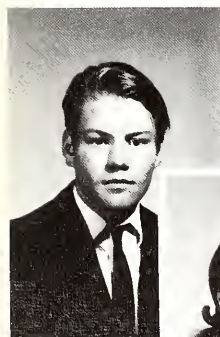
Bob
Zinner



Sam
Circelli



Irene
Gunsch



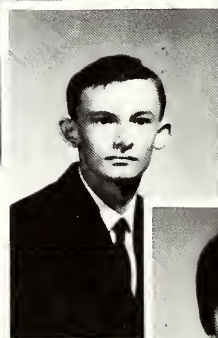
Jon
McCutcheon



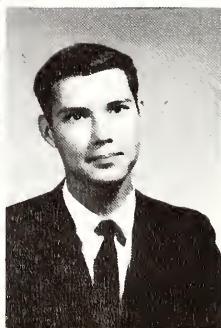
Charlene
Hore



Nancy
Gamble



John
Stewart



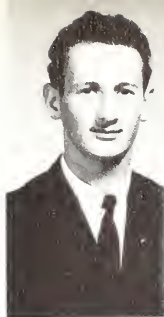
Ray
Kennedy



Sharon
Smithson



Trudy
Lucas



Earl
McGuffin



John
Crotheer



Lourie
Campbell



Connie
Shack



Rick
Capitano



Eve
Farrar



John
Collier



Ken
Parker



Lindo
Treitz



Jennifer
Greaves



John
Rex



Laurie
Taylor



Daphne
Weir



Carolyn
Morrison



Pat
Pender



Bob
Goss



Muriel
Dick



Ramsay
Travers



Moia
Howieson



Maureen
Harrington



Don
Morrow



Russ
Leal



Mary
Lawrence



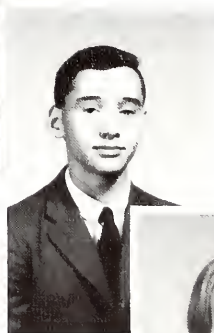
Frank
Wolmsley



Marg
Wilson



Pat
Gower



Geof
Labelle



Rod
Barker



Barb
Gavin



Bob
Edwards



Bev
Jarvis



Bev
Chennell



Rick
Lackey



Wayne
Winegarden



Clare
Montague



Brian
Felker



Coral
Kennedy



Anne
Tufts



Larry
Moses



Bob
Ramsden



Renate
Bruckschwoiger



Myles
Geroux



Jerry
Lazar



Ronnalee
Arnold



Marg
Johnston



Mike
Roney



Keith
Kindree



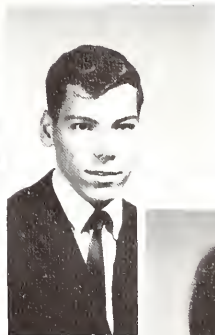
Bruce
Canning



Sherry
Eedy



Judy
Lee



Dave
Gower



Dave
Clifford



Regina
Pyka



Glyn
Rosser



Sharon
Munroe



Pat
White



Wayne
Hillier



Garry
Unger



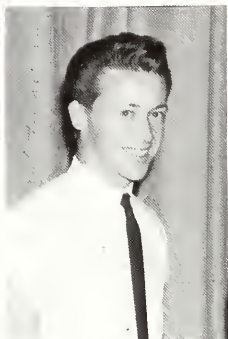
Gremar
DeKoter



Norm
Hassan



Sandra
Springer



Harold
Vausden



Pat
Manck



Jurgen
Tietz



Bob
Hodge



Bob
Smith



Rick
Pusey



Barb
Falconer



John
Christenson



Doug
Benstead



Beth
Heagy



Doug
Blackwell



Paul
LeClair



Mike
Parkinson



Don
MacLean



Barry
Amos



George
Bullas



Wayne
Northey



Jon
Schmehl



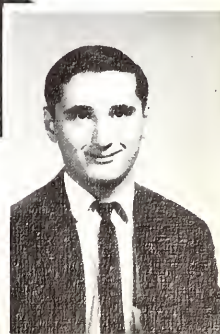
Rick
Richman



Bill
Waeland



Ken
Smith



Mark
Goldenberg



Dave
Lucy



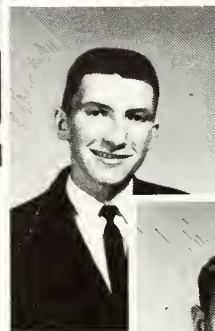
Cy
Patton



Debbie
Keast



Ron
Sleightholm



Jim
Boland



Gaye
Carmichael



Bill
Schaeffer



Sharan
Siegner



Marie
Irwin



Dave
Haldane



Mike
Essex



Brenda
Dickie



Gary
Parker



Linda
Beech



Jill
Kemp



Ed
Baxter



Dave
Jackson



Carol
Baptie



Joyce
Donald



John
Miszczyk



Marsha
Crockett



John
Fortnum



Shirley
Brewer



George
Robb



Kimela
Keene



Dean
Monk



George
Appleton



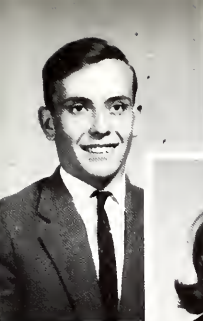
Barb
Elliott



Bridgett
Geist



Barry
Dunford



Al
Phillips



Hazal
Lowther



Susan
Snell



Gary
Crowther



Barry
Jones



Orene
Bastien



John
Capryn



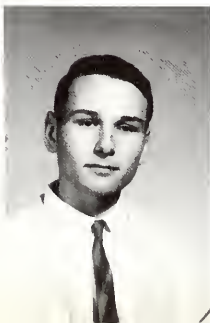
Lynn
Hunt



Bev
Belton



Bob
Shervill



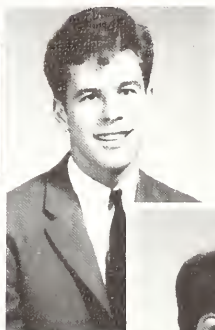
Terry
Wright



Linda
Stevenson



Linda
Oliver



Bert
Dendra



Les
Holmes



Pat
Skeggs



Kathy
Dayl



Russ
Marshall



Rhea
Flanigan



Bob
Shaw



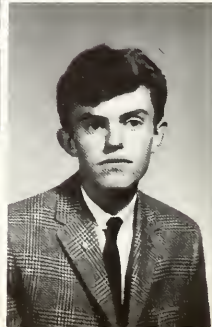
Gregg
Treehuba



Ineke
Quartel



Marg
Brawn



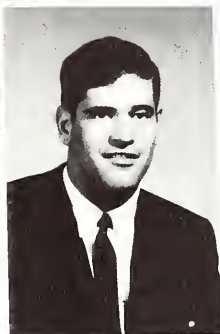
Doug
Johnston



Ann
Buchanan



Phil
Strudwick



Stu
Bell



Don
Graham



Rick
Whitcroft



Rod
Trevors



Bob
Bressette



Dave
Finch



Judy
Morris



Bill
Parker

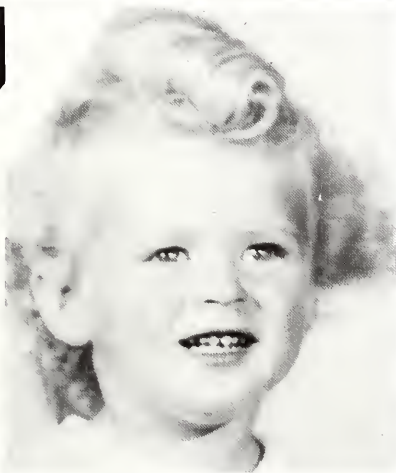


Terry
Marlowe

Jim
Whiteside





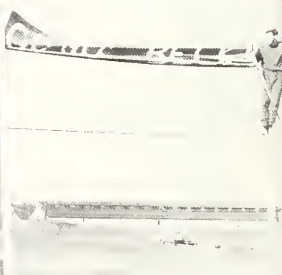


CAN YOU IMAGINE?





BECK VICTORY SPARTANS



CLASSES





12A

FIRST ROW L-R: Rosemarie Falle, Dani Heinen, Elizabeth Holman, Mary Bodfish, Sabra Tuff, Karen Link, Carol Boyer, Marg Magee, Karen Murphy. SECOND ROW: Cathy Oliver, Susan Matheson, Susan Doer, Esther Walmsley, Linda McClure, Wanda Henderson, Marg Gordon. THIRD ROW: Drew Brazier, Bob Tiedemann, Paul Davidson, Jim Fehler, Randy Heimpel, Joe Zeeman, Bill Hartman. TEACHER: Mr. Groat.

12B

FIRST ROW L-R: Joyce Gavin, Gail Goldenberg, Linda Armer, Betty Mills, Marion Lampman, Tena Stelpstra, Bev Taylor, Sandy Anderson, Sharon Russell, Ingrid Radler. SECOND ROW: Bob Baran, Ron Evans, Jackie Western, Wendy Barron, Mike Nolan, Keith Rose. THIRD ROW: Jim Kelly, Pat Pender, Ron Tanner, Barry Dickie, Gerry Dust, Peter VanDen Bosch, Alec Kemp. ABSENT: Joanne Yakowenko, Larry Dobbs. TEACHER: Mr. Tuck.





12C

FIRST ROW L-R: Marcia Elgie, Alexis Harding, Shirley Stover, Nancy Aitken, Carol Spurgeon, Birgit Geist, Frances Mihm, Linda Woolfenden, Terry Ward, Marilyn Young, Ellen Woods. SECOND ROW: Joe Christensen, Garland Reid, Don Parkinson, Bill Van de Loo, Gord Campbell, John Shores, Penny Durfey, Mavis Ryan, Bob Fones, Gord Bagley, Jim Whiteside, Albert Oke, George Delanowski. THIRD ROW: Jim Burnard, Mike Gourlay, Gord Gilmore, Don Vallee, John Vander Heyden, Peter Booth, Bill Pellow, Wayne Thornton, Gary Steele, John Giokas, Don Dickert. TEACHER: Mr. Hunt.

12D

FIRST ROW L-R: Debbie Smythe, Hazel Elmslie, Pat Slane, Alexandra Haldane, Jackie Arnold, Fred Blake, Deanne Shorten, Kathy Leinweber, Stephanie Walker, Pauline Hartman, Jill Kemp, Debbie Wiest. SECOND ROW: Carolyn Stynick, Marwan Dahrouj, Ron Petronis, Lynda Marcin, Carolyn DaHaan, Lynda Paton, Carol Getsinger, Lynn Clare, Eleanore Dudek, Grayham Hayhoe, Dennis Leeson, Bonnie Davis. THIRD ROW: Walter Scott, Paul Maguire, Dan Rutledge, John Beune, Don Ball, Casey Bruyn, Chris Martin, Gary Doerkson, Larry McArthur. TEACHER: Mr. James.





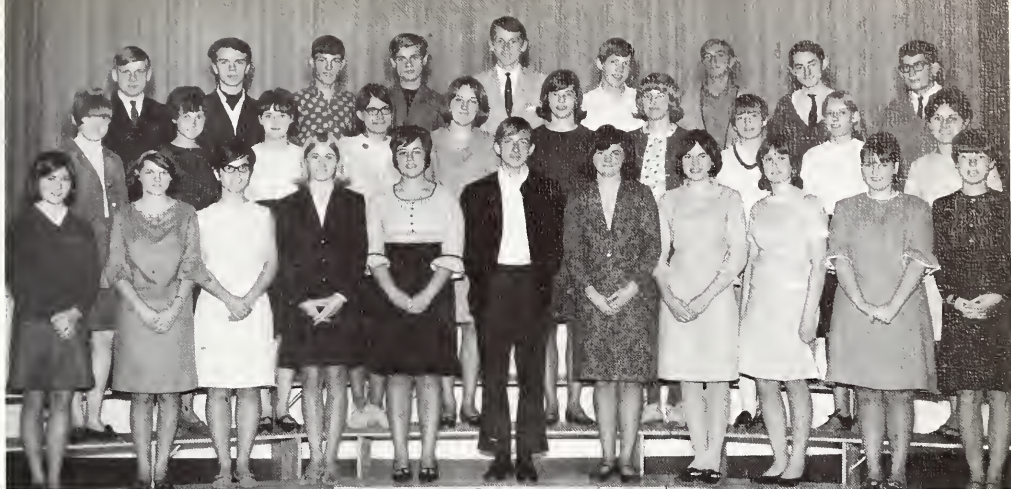
11A

FIRST ROW L-R: Carol Ann Oultram, Carol Davies, Cheryle Graham, Janice Coon, Pat Ryan, Janice James, Darlene Lamberd, Cheryl Davies, Wendy Robinson. SECOND ROW: Pat Harkness, Jean McLellan, Henderika Hoffman, Tanis Bell, Luba Protch. THIRD ROW: Brian Woodley, Dave Mawson, Pete Borrmann, Fred Hoare, Keith Aartsen, Mike Anderson, Barry Northey, Rae Shorten, Wayne Berney. TEACHER: Miss Waite.

11B

FIRST ROW L-R: Sharon Moad, Nora Cundick, Trixie Sennema, Carol-Lyn Parsons, Paul Beaumont, Lois Howald, Wilma Sennema, Trudy McDonnell, Sandra Moad. SECOND ROW: Veronica Pyka, Larry Waugh, Colleen Riley, Linda Corbett, Lynda Sims, Karen Williams, Bob Clark, Dolores Kurtz. THIRD ROW: Bob McIntyre, Matthias Bruckschwaiger, Gary Footwinkler, Gord Gater, Marjan Luczynski, Simon Kristensen, Don Smithson, Don West, Greg Griffin. TEACHER: Mr. Fowler.



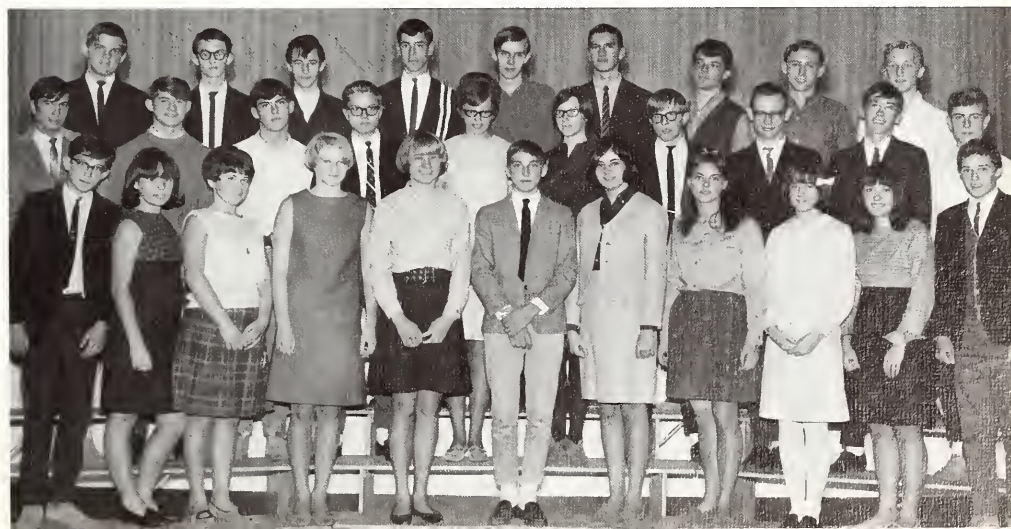


11C

FIRST ROW L-R: Lynn Young, Sandra Treitz, Karen Mogridge, Lynda Kett, Elizabeth Kemp, Bill Hicks, Heather McAurthur, Elaine Lenehan, Karen McGregor, Tamara Drake, Pat York. SECOND ROW: Valerie McWilliam, Marg. Bake, Sandra Dupree, Lenke Csudor, Hazel Smith, Lynn Corby, Janis Hudson, Pat Cox, Phyllis Hammond, Sharon Davis. THIRD ROW: John Stevenson, Stu. Watson, Jack Winkler, Tony Bruyn, Thomas MacLean, John Whitesioe, Wayne Denomme, Donald McKay, Stan Diavolitsis. TEACHER: Mr. Fagan.

11D

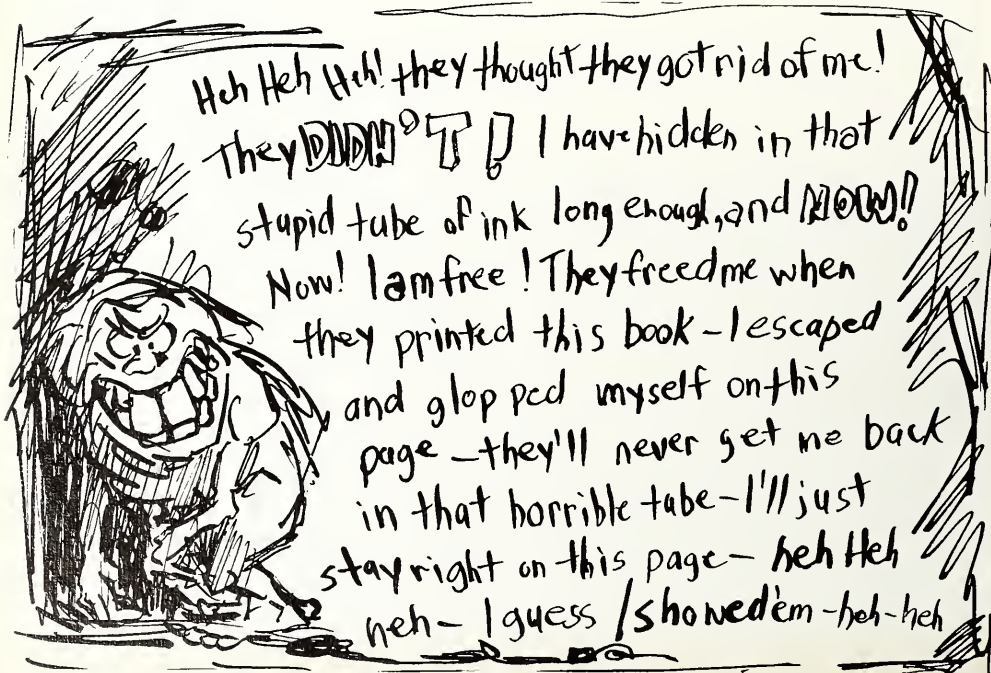
FIRST ROW L-R: Jim Rath, Patty Evans, Kathy Wood, Nancy Stewart, Ruth Shepherd, Stephen Britton, Sue Kirshin, Susan Hopwood, Marilyn Coursey, Terry Taylor, Evan Derby. SECONDD ROW: John Ciriello, Stan Motlock, Steve Gellati, Ed Lipskey, Henny Verhoeven, Carol Anne Marcin, Colin Lowndes, Allan Johnson, Brian Finnigan, Graham Moore. THIRD ROW: Joe Jursic, Gary Carter, Dale Llewellyn, Bill Lewis, Don Thompson, Andris Hans, Paul Hart, Wayne Stokely, Aklin Adison. ABSENT: Mike Flynn, Ray Rodrigues. TEACHER: Mr. Dool.





118

FIRST ROW L-R: Jackie Doyle, Terry Zaruki, Sandra Thornton, Susan Maudsley, Tim Boyle, Nancy Lee, Connie Pippel, Betty Tatttrie, Karen Shoebottom. SECOND ROW: Jeff Bradford, Lawrence Calleja, Graham Brown, Nancy Hales, Chris Hodson, Robbie Wright, Bob Stephens, Paul O'Neil. THIRD ROW: Ted Halley, Jimm Barr, Dave Vowels, Dave Addison, Ron Eberts, Hans Vaulkner, Randy Marshall, Ron Hare, Jim Laphorne. TEACHER: Mrs. Lundgren.





10A

FIRST ROW L-R: Merrill Whetstone, Martha Dehaan, Diane Williams, Betty Shack, Barbara Hawley, Sharon Fukshina, Janet Miniely, Mary Lou Edwards, Donna Sharpe. SECOND ROW: Rick Falshaw, Meil McAlister, Brenda Rayment, Gord Kipfer, Lucy Zrubek, Klaus Guder, Bob Robilliard. TEACHER: Miss Bere.

10B

FIRST ROW L-R: Sandra Henderson, Nancy Groft, Brenda Nightingale, Pam Debrone, Sandra Lynn Coulter, Jane McGillis, Jane Thompson, Kathy MacDonald. SECOND ROW: Ruth Seelhoff, Vicky Thornton, Donna Mutch, Cathy Bolten, Joan Miller, Pat Brough, Sharon Wright, Kathie Barnard. THIRD ROW: Steven Innes, Paul Chodas, Jim Irwin, Rick Belton, Bob MacMillan, Graham Hawksworth, Ken Ogilvie. ABSENT: Betty Pullham. TEACHER: Mr. Ofner.





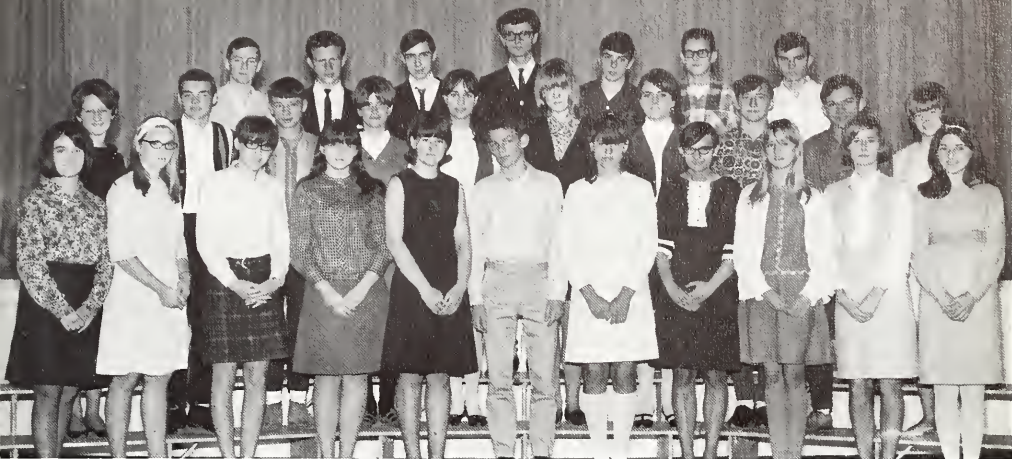
10C

FIRST ROW L-R: Heather Maxwell, Nancy Lilliman, Brenda McKay, Wanda Motlock, Kathy Alderson, Karen Alderson, Lynda Campbell, Jackie Moad, Jill Peck. SECOND ROW L-R: Derek Stephanson, Paul Babin, Mary Gordon, Kathleen Christie, Brenda Collins, Alana Pafford, Ron Grundy, John Moss. THIRD ROW L-R: Douglas Chambers, Rick Thompson, Bill Shadwick, Rick Curran, Wayne Hamilton, Jim Irwin, Bill Lawrence. TEACHER: Miss Liepins.

10D

FIRST ROW L-R: Neila Lawson, Pat Taylor, Margaret Brereton, Jacqui Shantz, Paul Meades, Nancy McClure, Sandy Macher, Eva Sorensen, Jane Walsh. SECOND ROW L-R: Rick Schwarzer, Tim Avery, Cathy Wilson, Nancy Lou Murray, Michael Smith, Gerry Campbell. THIRD ROW L-R: Tom Adam, Richard Hooper, Cameron Innes, Murray Black, Rick Wagner, Tom Hislop, Alan Harris, Wayne Cowell, Robin Goettl. TEACHER: Mr. Franks.





10E

FIRST ROW L-R: Vivien Heppner, Suzan Ram, Lynda Howieson, Nancy Beale, Laverne Reid, Jim Sennema, Lynn Steinman, Marianne Stalkowski, Mary McLellan, Robinelle Lawrence, Linda Boam. SECOND ROW L-R: Mary-Jane Marshall, Merle Jennings, Mike MacGillivray, Marianne Beune, Pat Pryor, Gail Cowburn, Peggy Flanagan, Mike Marshall, Ernest MacDougall, Ann Barons. THIRD ROW L-R: Terry Liston, Cliff Middleton, George Keeler, Bill Farwell, Larry Jones, Brian Garrett, Doug Struthers. ABSENT: Allan Lincoln, Kevin Snyder. TEACHER: Mr. Fitchett.

10F

FIRST ROW L-R: Cathy Elgie, Karen Gale, Jennifer Gladhill, Lee Scarff, Carol Walker, Dianne Dane, Debbie Mattson, John Daniels, Helga Kaune, Janis Holden, Patrice Kinahan, Sharon Walker, Kinda Stalkowski, Susan Principe. SECOND ROW L-R: Edith-Ann Michel, Dennis Harloff, Bob Arbour, Pete Kennedy, Bob Mackay, Leda Mekaig, Cynthia Boyce, Jan Smelser, Paul Huras, Jim Vallance, Mary Jane Armstrong, Wayne Pratt. THIRD ROW L-R: John McArthur, Jerry Burns, Ted Smalldridge, Wayne Swayze, Bruce Rogers, Tom Long, Keith Harding, Michel Carruthers, Douglas LeCouteur, Pete Smolders, Graham Newton. TEACHER: Mr. Fletcher.





10G

FIRST ROW L-R: Shelia Asals, Lana Dunn, Lynda Lesenby, Susan Howard, Sharon Hicks, Karen Doerkson, Marilyn Gauld, Sanora Harris, Geraldine Morley. SECOND ROW L-R: Cheryl Lyttle, Carol Sweeney, Debbie Scott, Patricia Moisse, Evelyn Sydorko, Jana Lackie, Judy Dobbie, Lynda Angus, Susan Robilliard. THIRD ROW: Johanna Prins, Gary Wyant, Ken Smith, Jane Pilkey. TEACHER: Miss Braun.

10H

FIRST ROW L-R: Helen Moore, Shiela Keys, Nancy Woohdus, Dale Rowe, Dawn Wright, Linda Smith, Linda Elliot. SECOND ROW L-R: Kay Cullen, Ruth Hofstetter, Eva Politis, Sherry Peabody, Brenda Chamberlain, Janet Brooks, Donna Wild, Sallie Barton, Penny Burke. THIRD ROW L-R: Coleen Collins, Marilyn Knight, Ruth Wilson, Lois Ryckman, Brenda McClarty, Gini Devine, Dale Zelenko, Linda Shaw, Carol Smith. ABSENT: Vivian Mitchell-Dennett. TEACHER: Mr. McLafferty.





9A

FIRST ROW L-R: Laura West, Christine Scott, Judy Walters, Marybeth Sterritt, Sharon Mills, Roxanne Wilkinson, Grace Gillies, Maria Kowalewski, Nancy Walsh, Gail Lasenby, Denise Hutton, Janis Wallace, SECOND ROW L-R: Ted Chislett, Van McGegin, Robert Jacques, Robert Merrifield, Douglas Fryett, Ross Crroll, Dick Singerling, Dennis Hanna, Gary Woods, Ed Nelson, Brian Tait, Fred Wigley, Brian Derby, THIRD ROW L-R: Knute Schaefer, William Bradford, Oskar Sanio, Larry Hill, Thomas Buchner, David Wake, Derek Weir, Kevin Spink, Leigh Leonard, David Done, Peter Mougteros, Timothy Allman. TEACHER: Miss Cummer.

9B

FIRST ROW L-R: Marilyn Walsh, Debbie Smith, Lesia Koba, Linda Campbell, Helen Crawford, Herb Moon, Dorothy Blackwell, Janice Smith, Marlene Pfaff, Yvonne Cippex, Michelle Mould. SECOND ROW L-R: Steve Rudd, Steve Harris, Ted Bodfish, Brian Sherry, Ann Hutchinson, Betty Graham, Ann Faulds, Pauline Hitzman, George Crocker, Tom Hales, Robin McFadden, Wayne Haskett. THIRD ROW L-R: Brian Morrison, Robb Piencipec, Mike Edwards, John McGathan, Mile Mellor, Jeff Corsaut, Bill Van Beuren, Rick McEllistrum, Steve Hounsell, Wayne Kamshead, Doug Burden. TEACHER: Mr. Walker.





9C

FIRST ROW L-R: Maureen McLafferty, Heather Driscoll, Kimberly George, Kim McIntyre, Nancy Wilson, Brenda Berringer, Stephen Symons, Donna Young, Elizabeth Dako, Sandra Wootton, Janice Kirk, Ruth Anne Ingram, Mary Young. SECOND ROW L-R: Kerry Piper, Wayne Boland, Susan Zinner, Esther Jung, Bonnie Burgess, Colleen Ashbury, Shelley Leach, Catherine Matheson, John Hartin, Kenneth Savage. THIRD ROW L-R: James Chislehm Tino Smiaris, Bradley Foster, Kenneth Sinclair, Bruce Rodrigues, Guy DeBock, Richard Teachout, Steven Parsons, Donald Mantz, Andrew Chadwick, John Fradgley, TEACHER: Miss Hair.

9D

FIRST ROW L-R: Gary Grundy, Eileen Keeble, Nancy Whiteside, Janice Biggs, Linda Walton, Beth Ennis, Brenda Houston, Kelly Burgess, Rita Randjarv, Susan Goddard, Wendy Alexander, Fred Boland. SECOND ROW L-R: Ron Murphy, Paul Dickie, Joan Steinman, Debbie Petrie, Grace Plankenhorn, Geraldine Penney, Tina Vanderheyden, Lynn Coveney, Rita Borrmann, Shelley McCorkell, Jim Uchiyama, Tim Liston. THIRD ROW L-R: Charles Baran, Michael Hutt, Can Taylor, Frank Paton, Paul Maciejewski, Robert Harland, Tim Fletcher, David Hill, Brian Rogers.. ABSENT: Lucius Nadal. TEACHER: Miss Lewis





9E

FIRST ROW L-R: Kristjedy Plotjke, Dawn Mackay, Carolyn Babcock, Pat Fitzpatrick, Jan English, Paul Denomme, Cindy Peto, Sue McTavish, Petra Lowenherz, Karen Sadlowske, Marilyn Brown. SECOND ROW L-R: Terry Heffernan, Tim Keenlside, Joanne Lines, Nancy Tuffin, Gayle White, Kathy Dawson, Beverley Eden, Vivienne Ridgway, Brenda Aggerholm, Judy Henry, Bob Shadwick, Irving Leitner, David Fenton. THIRD ROW L-R: John Wayne, Brent Thomas, Neil Andison, Gordon Nugent, John Harild, Scott Thornton, Don Stalkowski, Jerry Nellestyn, Larry Prins, Tim Lynch, Sidney Bruyn. TEACHER: Mr. Nixon.

9F

FIRST ROW L-R: Carol Bain, Joanne Casburn, Joan Tufts, Wendy Ricketts, Nancy Westman, Yvette Canning, Heather Stanford, Debbie Teolis, Jerry Reidt. SECOND ROW L-R: Supriya Rai, Lynda Meyer, Paulette Mould, Sandra Mander, Marnie Morrow, Jeanne Lucas, Dorothy Shroeder, Bonnie Melanson. THIRD ROW L-R: Gail Beach, Frances Doctor, Meredith Shepherd, Heather McLeod, Linda Warren, Teresa Doyle, Jane Wright, Sandy Mills, Janet Rozell. ABSENT: Christine McCrimmon. TEACHER: Miss Dietsche.





9C

FIRST ROW L-R: Tim Dunlop, Sharon Hatherd, Mary Beth Boyce, Pam Fraser, Pauline Denomme, Joan Murray, Maureen Jenkins, Janice Marshall, Kolleen Gordon, Ann Sharpe, Gary Hamilton. SECOND ROW L-R: Les Sonier, Barnard Thornton, Jim Travers, Margaret Palmer, Janet Gray, Janet Bailey, Lynn Carlyle, John Leslie, Ron Johnston, George Young. THIRD ROW L-R: Paul Parry, Bill Mills, Barry Griffith, Robert Bailey, Paul Monteith, James Trevors, Larry Thwaites, Duncan Maxoll, Allan Morrison. TEACHER: Mr. Stevenson.

9H

FIRST ROW L-R: Karen Mitchell, Heather Mitchell, Regina Critchley, Donna Langlois, Christine Butham, Sandra Mundy, Linda Exley, Patricia Kinsley, Cecilia Murphy, Brenda Brackett, Victoria Bain. SECOND ROW L-R: Lois Stiltz, Jane Barrett, Davina Harrington, Colleen Armstrong, Connie McLarety, Wendy Burt, Lynda Fletcher, Mary Jane Dickert, Lee Ann Matthews, Susan McArthur. THIRD ROW L-R: Lorraine Wragg, Joann Russell, Patricia Simpson, Beverley O'Hagan, Barbara Pridham, Janis Morris, Irene Wira, Judy Clipperton, Lorilee Davies. ABSENT: Rosemary McKay, Christine Moss. TEACHER: Miss Dimich..





9K

FIRST ROW L-R: Sharon Elliott, Emina Lyubyankick, Marilyn Young, Judy Eaton, Lynn Roush, Dorothy McGuire, Susan Kochuk, Joanne Brock, Wendy Richardson, Brenda Simms. SECOND ROW L-R: Faye Day, Brenda Laur, Susan Little, Susan Davidson, Sheila Walpole, Cyndy Wilson, Kathy Proctor, Suzanne Miller, Deborah Driscoll, Judy Johnson. THIRD ROW L-R: Sharon Wilson, Rosalie Collins, Mary Legue, Wendy Murphy, Gloria Meyer, Marion Brush, Judy Edwards, Joyce Woo, Patricia Gage, Raylene Stoims, Victoria Spivey. TEACHER: Mrs. Ruddle.



IN MEMORIAM

CRUEL WORLD

Life, you gave in to your worst enemy,
Death, you took a friend who knew you not,
My friend.

He knew not hunger, he knew not cold,
He knew not sorrow nor grief;
Death, he was no friend to you.
You washed the smile from his face
And made him see your frown of scorn,
You took the laughter from his eyes
And made him grasp your beckoning hand.
You made him silent while you, Death,
Spoke above the din.
Cruel world!

Death, you refused to let him be a man,
To love something more than life itself,
You left him with things undone
And snatched him from the life he shared with us.
You took him in midst of friendship, honor, triumph,
You made others walk in sadness
And their hearts song of sorrow.
They still walk in sadness,
Seeking peace and happiness,
While you look on, waiting patiently.
Cruel world!

Eternity, you own him now, for
All the roads of this world
Lead him to Heaven, and the roaming wind
Will take him toward the sun.
All the roads of this earth are strewn with friendship,
But the eye of Death was waiting to meet him.
Cruel world!

All the roads of the plain disappear untiringly,
In spite of joys and sorrows
Toward the bright horizon.
All the roads of Life ask us to hope
That Death will invite us
To the banquet of Eternity.



John Beune

O Death, if the sun and the wild wind speak to you
of Liberty,
If the sun and the wild wind speak to you of Life
-you listen not.

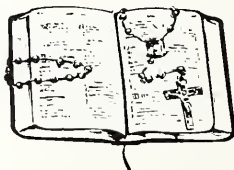
Cruel world!
Chin in your hands, feet in the gutter, you look at Life
With envy as it dances in the streets of the suburbs,
You are humming in your heart the bitter poetry
That rises as you wait for yet another.

In the night it is lovely
To believe in the light,

In the triumphant down,
In the morning sun,
To know you will be alive
For within Life is forged the face of tomorrow,
But within Death there is nothing but the face of Death.
Cruel, harsh world!

Our mourning will change into a joyful dance,
Fresh glance, out-stretched hand,
Heart full of music,
Toward the waiting city we will go, radiantly,
To labour in the workshop of noble human efforts,
But we forget him not.
We remember that day you called him,
That day of reunion transfigured by sorrow.

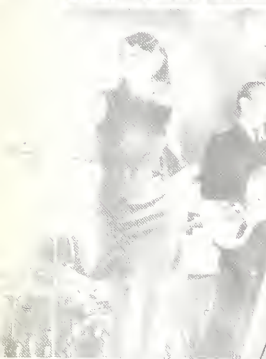
By - Dani Heinen.



**SPECIAL
EVENTS**



**1966
QUEEN**





ACTIVITIES



B. A. A. Executive

(L. TO R.) Randy Heimpel (Sec), Mike Roney (Pres), Don Morrow (Vice).

G. A. A. Executive

(L. TO R.) Rosemarie Falls (Vice-President), Debbie Keast (President), Judy Lee (Secretary).





Junior Band

FRONT ROW: Neila Lowson, Cindy Boyce, Betty Shack, Mary Lou Edwards, Sharon Fukushima, Janet Miniely, Pat Taylor, Rick Folshaw, Dennis Hanno. MIDDLE ROW: Rick, Gerry Campbell, Ted Chislett, Doug Fryett, Bob Robiliard, Larry Hill, Dorothy Blackwell, Martha de Haan, Sandy Macher, Margaret Brereton. BACK ROW: Bob Jacques, Brent Thomas, Ross Corroll, Murray Block, Allan Harris, Tom Hislop, Gord Kipfer, Rick Wagner, Paul Meades, Vic Allmen, Mr. Head (Conductor).



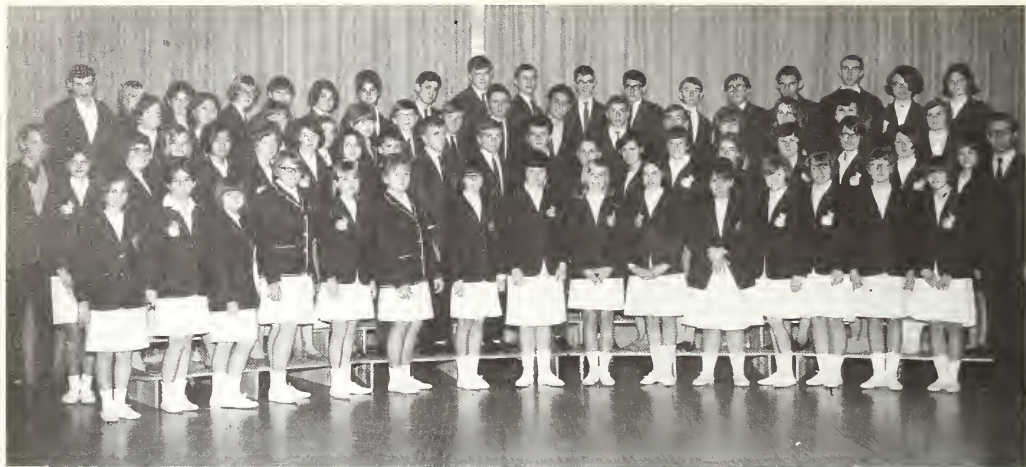
Dance Band

FRONT ROW: L-R: Bill Horton, Marsha Crockett, Caroline de Haan, Debbie Smythe, Terry Marole, Rick Lockie. SECOND ROW: Mr. Head (conductor), Tom Hislop, Murray Black, John Stevenson, Dave Jackson, Gord Kipfer, Dan Rutledge, George Appleton, Rick Wagner.



Senior Band

FRONT ROW: Neila Lowson, Cynthia Boyce, Betty Ann Shack, Mary Lou Edwards, Sharon Fukushima, Pat Taylor, Rick Folshaw, Robin Goettl, Dave Clifford, Dennis Hanna, Gale Crawford, Helen Crawford, Betty Kemp, Susan Moudsley. MIDDLE ROW: Janet Miniely, Margaret Brereton, Caroline de Haan, Debbie Smythe, Orene Bastien, Doug Fryett, Steve Hounsell, Doug Burden, Don Dickert, Bob Robiliard, John Stevenson, Marsha Crockett, Karen MacGregor, Dorothy Blackwell, Regina Pyko, Martha de Haan, Sandro Macher, Nancy Aitken, Bev. Belton. BACK ROW: Mr. Head (director), Brent Thomas, Ross Corroll, Murray Block, Allan Harris, Tom Hislop, Gord Kipfer, Doug Rosell, Dave Jackson, Dan Rutledge, Bill Hartman, Rick Wagner, Terry Marlowe.



Glee Club

FIRST ROW: Marie Irwin, Alexis Harding, Yvette Canning, Marion Lampman, Nancy Groff, Sabra Tuff, Muriell Whetstone, Heather McArthur, Linda Kett, Elaine Lenahan, Tamara Drake, Valerie McWilliams, Pat Monck, Janet Rosell, Dorothy Schroeder, Mr. Fagan.
SECOND ROW Bill Pellow, Tina Vanderheyden, Neila Lawson, Janet Miniely, Sharon Fukushima, Joan Belton, Sylvia Novack, Diane Williams, Doug Fryett, Bob Robilliard, Laurie Taylor, Stewart Watson, Joe Moss, Carolyn Morrison, Sandra Thornton, Marg Johnston, Susan Maudsley, Lenke Csudor, Marnie Morrow, Lynn Young. THIRD ROW: Meredith Shepherd, Coleen Riley, Barbara Hawley, Karen Gale, Coral Kennedy, Paul Chodas, John Stephenson, Paul Davidson, Sam Circelli, Paul O'Neill, Brian Felker, Jean Lucas, Mary Bodfish, Bev Jarvis, Donna Sharp. FOURTH ROW: Marie Jennings, Terry Zarvek, Sharron Davis, Carolyn de Hean, Luba Protch, Dani Heinan, Marg Gordon, Bob Zinner, Rick Belton, Don Ball, Bob MacMillan, Stan Diavolitsis, Neil McAlister, Graham Newton, Klaus Guder, Dave Wake, Lucy Zrvbek, Brenda Rayment.

Ensemble

FIRST ROW:
Mary Bodfish,
Alexis Harding,
Valerie McWilliam,
Lenke Csudor,
Mr. Fagan.
SECOND ROW:
Sylvia Novack,
Coral Kennedy.
THIRD ROW:
Don Ball,
Stewart Watson,
Paul Maguire,
Doug Rosell,
Rick Belton,
Bob Robilliard.



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SMITH TYPEWRITER



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Prefects

FRONT ROW L TO R: Chris Dawson, Marg Gordon, Susan Doerr, Keith Rose, Ken Smith, Mike Gourlay, Paul Davidson, Randy Heimpel, Wayne Thornton, Barry Amos, Doug Benstead, Gerald Dust, Dave Clifford, Brian Felker, Carol Getsinger, Wanda Henderson, Carol Boyer. MIDDLE ROW: Charlene Hare, Linda Trietz, Marg Magee, Ingrid Radler, Sylvia Novak, Renate Bruckswaiger, Linda Heatherington, Bev Belton, Sandra Springer, Elizabeth Holman, Ruth Tufts, Beth Heagy, Carol Clinton. BACK ROW: Terry Dick, Hazel Elmslie, Rosemarie Falle, Deanna Shorten, Mr. Walker (Staff Advisor) Debbie Keast (Asst. Head Prefect), Graham Savage (Head Prefect), Pat Dashford (Asst Head Prefect), Sherry Eddy, Sharon Evans, Trudy Lucas, Stephanie Walker, Sharon Munro. ABSENT: Bob Baran, Mark Holdenberg, John Kristensen, Russell Marshall, Judy McLachlin, Linda Paton, Glyn Rosser.





FRONT ROW L TO R: Dani Heinen, Pat Dashford, Joe Zeeman (Assistant-Editor), Don Morrow, Terry-Lynn Dick, Susan Doerr. BACK ROW: Tim Keenlislade, Graham Newton, Peter Vandenbosch, Gord Gilmore, Jerry Dust, Paul Davidson, Bob Fones, Keith Rose, John

Spartan

Current Affairs Club

L. R.: Susan Ram; Ingrid Radler (Vice Pres); Graham Savage (President); Mr. Scheeler (Staff Advisor); Marcia Elgie; Jurgen Tietz.





Drama

FIRST ROW L-R.: Dani Heinen, Susan Doer, Karen Link, Neil McAllister, Jill Kemp, Mr. Fowler, Marion Lampman, Esther Walmsley, Penni Wiest. SECOND ROW: Saundra-Lynn Coulter, Paul Chodas, Bob MacMillan, Joe Zeeman, Graham Newton, Kathy Barnard, Dianne Williams.

Librarians

FRONT ROW L-R.: Cheryl Davies; Rosemarie Falle; Kathy MacDonald; Karen Link; Marion Lampman; Supriya Rai; Dani Heinen; Carol Ann Oultram; Sandra Treitz. SECOND ROW: Cindy Boyce; Wanda Henderson; Esther Walmsley; Tanis Bell; Sue Doer; Lynn Corby; Mary Bodfish; Hazel Smith; Elizabeth Holman; Carol Boyer; Linda Stalkowski. BACK ROW: Cathy Wood; Cheryl Graham; Pat Monk; Betty Mills; Kathy Barnard; Heather MacArthur; Carol Davies; Hazel Elmsley.





Campus Life

LEFT TO RIGHT: Don Dickertt, John Stevenson, Mr. Sheeler (Staff Advisor), Coral Kennedy, Brian Felker.

Cadets

FRONT ROW L TO R.: Mr. Stephenson, Paul Parry, Terry Liston, Bill Parker, Don West, Jim Vchiyama, Terry Heffernan. BACK ROW: Charles Baron, Ken Sinclair, Mike Mellor, Larry Prins, Paul Babin.





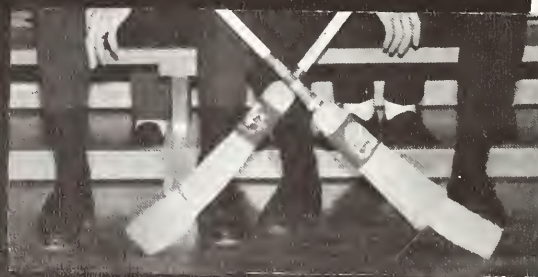
Volunteens

FRONT ROW L TO R: Wendy Robinson, Sandra Harris, Karen Williams (Vice Pres), Shirley Brewer (Pres), Marie Irwin, (Secretary), Marilyn Knight, Carol Bain. MIDDLE ROW: Miss Bell, Sallie Barton, Valerie McWilliams, Ronnie Pyka, Lois Howald, Tamara Drake, Marilyn Gauld. BACK ROW: Coleen Riley, Helen Moore, Cindy Boyce, Janice Hudson, Barb Elliott, Susan Kirshin, Linda Corbett.

Spirit Club

FRONT ROW L TO R: Coral Kennedy, Joan Belton, Sharon Wright, Bonnie Davis, Rob Edwards, Mr. Benbow, Ingrid Radler, Jackie Chantz, Moia Howieson. BACK ROW: Terry Marlowe, Pete Kennedy, Ramsay Travers, Russ Leal, Carolyn Morrison, Eve Farrar, Pat Dashford, Wayne Thorton, John Stevenson, Laurie Taylor, Doug



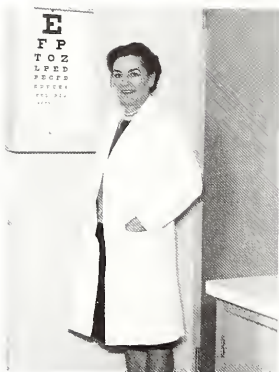






Office Staff

Mrs. Monteith, Mrs. Choffe, Mrs. Munch



Nurse

Mrs. Martin

Cafeteria Staff

Mrs. Ethel Monks, Mrs. Loreno Wilson, Mrs. Doris Lovie.





LITERARY

NORWEGIAN WOOD

Snow fell softly in a little Norwegian village, filling the narrow streets with a fluffy mattress of cold down. Through the fuzzy, blue darkness, glittering shop windows, blind with frost and snow, shone and twinkled in the night.

I tramped through the deepening snow with the collar of my pea coat turned up around my tingling ears and a rather long, woollen scarf wrapped about that. In spite of it all, I was still cold, and I quickened my pace along the street, anxious to be near the warmth of a roaring fire, crackling in the hearth. The high buildings with their overhanging stories loomed overhead. At the very top, blue smoke curled from the silhouetted chimneys and mingled with the fresh winter air. Although it was cold indeed, I must confess how delighted I was to be out on such a wonderful night.

Just as I was about to cross the street, a large, red sleigh pulled by two steaming work horses came whipping around the corner sending a spray of snow over me.

"You silly, old fool!" I cried. "Why don't you look where you're going!"

The sleigh came to a quick stop and a sly, old gent with mutton chop whiskers and top hat asked peeked over the back of the seat. I instantly recognised him as Tomal Smith, the town doctor, a respectable citizen but very stubborn and obsequious.

"Erherm! Ah, Merry Christmas, Tomal," I said quickly.

"Insolence!" he replied. "Insolence in one respect or another!"

"I'm sorry, Tomal, I didn't know it was you."

"Then I must assume you'd have said something worse, had you known it was!"

"No, not at all, Tomal! If you hadn't--"

"Respect your elders, they say! That little phrase seems to be outdated in this village!"

"Now listen, Mr. Smith! Your sleigh--"

"Goodnight, Mr. Greenwedge!" he snapped, and after climbing back down into the seat, he glided on down the street in his oversized sleigh.

I had always despised Mr. Smith. Every village has its Scrooge and Tomal was ours. He enjoyed the company of no one and although his position of doctor hardly suited him, he was the only one within miles, and so we tolerated him. One could always spot Tomal in his top hat and long, black coat, walking stiff-legged home from work.

I hurried on down the snow-laden street and soon arrived at Wendel Fromme's house, which stood on top of a hill overlooking the village. It was here that I had been asked to come for "an interesting evening", as Wendel had put it. Every window was aglow and Christmas decorations of all colours hung behind the panes. I fumbled up the brick steps

and rapped on the door. As I stood waiting in the snow, I noticed the fresh runner tracks which curved off the street and up by the side of the house. I thought perhaps they might be from Tomal's sleigh, but hoped they weren't. "Ah, good evening, George!" said Wendel, opening the heavy, wooden door, "I'm glad you were able to come. What a night we're having!"

"Oh, it's not really so bad, Wendel. In fact, I enjoyed walking over."

"Let me take your coat, George. You must be frozen!" smiled Wendel. "Go right in and warm yourself by the fire."

I handed over my hat and coat and strolled into the lounge where several other gentlemen were already seated in large, leather arm chairs which formed a semicircle around the hearth. I spotted Mr. Smith, ensconced in the most comfortable, softest chair of the bunch. I heartily shook hands with everyone, except Tomal, to whom I gave a modest, "Good evening".

"Well, gentlemen, I suppose you're wondering why I called this meeting," said Mr. Frommes, folding his arms and ombling in to the centre of the room.

Everyone looked around, and nodded to each other, mumbling and pointing out the truth in this statement. I continued to thaw out my hands and glori at Mr. Smith.

"The reason," continued Frommes, "is because I want to reveal to you, something very peculiar."

"An anachronism! It is an anachronism!" piped Mr. Gleener.

"You're jumping to conclusions again, Mr. Gleener!" said Mr. Smith. "You're always jumping to conclusions."

"Yes, Moses, let him go on," I said.

Frommes surveyed the room, looking carefully at each of us, until his gaze fell upon Mr. Todal who was in a slight trance caused from gazing at the reflection of the fire in the window. Fred Todal was an odd little man with frizzy, grey hair and a thick, droopy moustache. I had often seen him, toddling down the street on winter mornings, placing his cane in front of him and taking a step, then, with a snappy hop-skip-and-jump he would gain a few yards until he had reached his destination. I noticed Frommes staring at him and gave Fred a nudge with my elbow.

"Erherm, yes, an anachronism, well I see," he said quickly.

"It is not an anachronism, Mr. Todal," said Frommes. "In fact, it is something far more fantastic than that."

Mr. Gleener formed a strange look on his face and stumbled out of the room holding his enormous stomach. Startling news, or for that matter, any news, always affected him in an odd way.

"Go on Wendel, he may be gone for hours," I chortled.

"Very well, but first allow me to fetch something from my room," said Wendel, wisking down the dark hallway.

Mr. Squab looked at us. "I wonder what he's got?"

"A new sculpture no doubt," grumbled Mr. Smith, a little disappointed.

Wendel was always turning out little artistic creations in his spare time but I doubted if he had called the meeting for that sole purpose. Mr. Todal began telling us of a sculpture he had once seen in a museum which actually glowed in the dark without the aid of electricity, but his anecdote was cut short when Frommes re-entered the room, carrying a small wooden box, delicately carved with a hinged tap. This he placed on a small antique table in the centre of the room. He took a shaded lamp from another table and placed it beside the box. I drew up a large padded stool and sat down. Todal nervously fidgeted in his chair as we all awaited Frommes' next words. With a smile, he reached out and gently pulled back the lid. Mr. Smith looked in and raised his eyebrows.

"I told you it would be a statue."

Todal was right; it seemed only to be a very small statue, pinkish-orange in colour. Then, the more I stared, the more it appeared to be a moving little man.

"It moved! I saw it move!" I cried.

"So did I," added Mr. Todal. "That little man is alive!"

With that, the fat little man, quite alive indeed, hopped over the edge of the box and stood on the table looking at us. His pear-shaped body, short little legs, and broad, beaming smile appeared so amusing that we all broke into uncontrollable fits of jubilant laughter. Mr. Gleener, who had just walked into the room, viewed this awesome spectacle with his eyes and mouth wide open, and within seconds, was bustling out again, his great belly bouncing with each step.

The little man jumped up and down and fell backwards into the box. The lid dropped shut and it was late in the evening before any of us fully recovered from this extraordinary experience. Mr. Smith groaned and said that it had certainly looked exactly like a small statue.

Robert Fones 12C



It seemed like a normal night. There had been a light sprinkle of rain, and a glossy sheen covered the downtown thoroughfare. In it were reflected the bright neon signs that flashed above. There was a bit of a chill in the air, but a substantial number of shoppers still straggled in the streets. An occasional pair of headlights sparkled in the clear night air. Over the entire scene lay a veil of serenity.

Suddenly, four young members of the motorcycle set split the quiet temporarily as they raced through the downtown section. Irresponsible young punks, thought one storekeeper. Most shoppers didn't waste time thinking about it. There were so many other, more important things to worry about.

In a short time the motorcyclists were back, but this time they stopped halfway down the street. With nothing more exciting to do, a nearby policeman became the target of their taunts and jibes. Suddenly their mood changed. With a snake-like smoothness they surrounded him. A few muffled thuds, an unheeded cry for help, and it was over. The motorcycles were remounted, and off they sped. Irresponsible young punks, thought one storekeeper. Most of the shoppers didn't waste time thinking about it. There were so many other, more important things to worry about.

Overhead the neon lights flashed, and the rain started again.

Rob MacMillan
-Grade 10-

* * * * *

Well, I've been through almost two years of school, and very soon, (I hope), I'll become a member of that elite club known as the "senior school". After long and hard years of apprenticeship I am finally ready to start looking distinguished, aloof, and acquire in general the mark that sets the senior out from a junior. I will be required to change my whole line of thinking, for juniors (the downtrodden masses) will soon exist only to be despised and stepped on. Actually, before becoming sophisticated, debonaire, and otherwise stamping myself in the mold of the senior, I wish to make it clear that there were advantages to being a junior.

Firstly, you find that seniors expect juniors to act stupidly, because they are stupid. The senior is easily noticeable by his quiet and unruffled manner. A junior, on the other hand, is noisy, loud, and unclean. When first arriving at Beck, a junior is subtly informed of this fact, but are also told that if they work hard and keep their noses clean, they too might one day become a senior. But even if you try hard to imitate your superiors, being expected to be dumb can create interesting problems. After all, constantly being told that you are inferior and stupid leads some people to start thinking they are inferior and stupid. The realization of this fact leaves a junior free to do stupid things. Such activities are severely frowned upon by seniors and the prefects are very diligent in rooting out the malfactors (new word recently picked up in French class) and making them confess their sins. Above it all, however, there exists an attitude of tolerance and resignation. "After all they are only juniors, and what else can you expect?".

So, as I near the most dramatic experience in my life, and as I ready myself so that I, too, will be an example of good to the children of darkness, I reflect that, in spite of it all, being a junior wasn't all that bad.

Rob MacMillan
-Grade 10-

OPPORTUNITY

I get discouraged now and then...
When there are clouds of grey
...Until I think about the things
...That happened yesterday...
I do not mean the day before
...Or those of months ago...
But all the yesterdays in which...
I had the chance to grow...
I think of opportunities...That
I allowed to die...And those
I took advantage of... Before
They passed me by... And I
Remember that the past...
Presented quite a plight...
But somehow I endured it and...
The future seemed all right...
And I remind myself that I...
Am capable and free...
And my success and happiness...
Are really up to me.



MEDITATION

May it be said of us that
having come to an open door,
we closed it;
having stood at the stair of learning,
we refused to ascend it;
having come to a lighted candle,
we quenched it;
having heard a brother begging bread,
we denied him.

REFLECTIONS

Why did you hold your hand 'til now
within the reach of mine?
Was it your loss-your only link to
love?

When did you seep into reality
and caress away my tear?

Was it youth?

Christina Dawson 13B



BOYS

Men in so many ways,
Boys in so few,
That is the way they want
Us to think too.

Bolster their ego, and
Mention their charm,
Say they are handsome-
(It can't do much harm...)

A shoulder to cry on,
A smile or a tear
Is what they expect, but
Don't be fooled, dear

They'll love you forever
As a friend tried and true,
But when seeking a sweetheart
They'll overlook you.

anonymous

Let me walk alone
through the forests of my mind,
I take this trip with
no goal
only a hope
of peace and love;
a desire to understand
myself.

Fred Lesser 13C



Travelling is a stimulating experience. It dispels boredom. It opens the mind. It is an inexhaustible provider of new experiences. I believe every young person should travel.

And yet there is one problem with the tourist life which unfortunately grows so as to become a complete barrier: it is far too expensive. And yet did you know that a total of 12,000 young Canadians have been on the move about Canada for the last three summers without paying a cent? This program is part of the activities of the Centennial Commission of our Government. The object is to "awake Canadians to the distinctive character of our country"; to have them experience a "sense of Canada"; to move our trains of thought in an east-westerly direction instead of in a southerly one.

These phrases are almost meaningless, I admit, unless you were as fortunate as I when asked to join the Youth Travel Program.

Groups of "Voyageurs du Centenaire" come from all over Canada. We from the London-Dorchester-St. Thomas area went the farthest from home of all, to Trail B.C. And a more enjoyable two weeks I have never spent.

Trail is the ideal place for the sports' enthusiast. When mountain-climbing one afternoon we were told that Nancy Green, Canada's woman champion skier, trains during the winter on the very slope that we were struggling up. The natives boast that Red Mountain is the best slope in all Canada. And during the winter everybody skies.

The lakes are clear and deep and very blue, certainly very tempting to the water-skier. And just about every teenager spent about three quarters of his summertime life out on the lakes. This sportsman-like attitude is understandable considering the fact that a simple walk "up the street" involves climbing at a 70 degree angle or restraining yourself from running down the same slope I learned that gravity is a very influential force!

I was impressed understandably by those experiences for which there is no parallel near London, Ontario. The Ainsworth Hot Springs, for example, were unique. Boiling mineral water pours out of a crack in the mountain-side and is collected in a swimming pool. And people just sit in it, not moving, and become "cured" from asthma or other bodily ailments. We novices begin by diving energetically in and racing the widths. We were warned not to continue our activity, and I am afraid those of us who were enjoying ourselves too much to sit still, experienced complete physical exhaustion several hours later. One just doesn't cavort in boiling water!

On the educational side we were not neglected. But what an effective and permanent way to learn about "Froth Flotation" (note Chemistry students!) first hand in Canada's biggest mining and smelting plant--"Cominco", the reason Trail B. C. exist at all.

The week went very quickly. People whom none of us will ever see again became for one week our closest friends through no other bond than the fact that we are all Canadians. And the trip home was ideal. Twenty-four friends in a railway car: some became chain cigar smokers, others kept the paperback makers in business. The "bridge" and "evchre" fanatics monopolized the upper births, and the rest watched the unbelievable vastness that is Canada fly past. In the Rockies the train (in many places) travelled only a few inches from the brink edge; far too close for my personal comfort. Several people in the party were almost always left in places like Jasper or Winnipeg because there was so much to see and the stops seldom exceeded thirty minutes. The prairies were flat and to some, monotonous. But I wouldn't have missed the Prairie sunder, because there is nothing like it in Eastern Canada. And we can be proud of Northern Ontario because its rugged beauty is something not common in the rest of Canada.

And so a sort of nationalism was instilled which had not been there before. I have an ambition to go back, at a slower pace. Three thousand miles in two weeks tends to leave the head spinning, but it was really wonderful.

Marg Gordon
-Grade 12-

ME AND SHAKESPEARE

Me and Shakespeare, or is it Shakespeare and me, or Shakespeare and I? Anyway, we don't see quite eye to eye no matter which way it is said.

I mean, take this Willy guy. He lived in jolly old England about four hundred years ago. Why should little ol' me, whom he didn't even know, have to sit and suffer through some war, or some crazy, mushy love scene?

Take, for example, Julius Caesar. After his assassination Mark Anthony speaks to the masses. "I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him." Then he spends several hours eulogizing Caesar, and inciting the masses to murder the conspirators. Caesar was stupid anyway. I mean if lions were having little lions in the streets, and the skies blazed blood red, and dissected chickens had no hearts, all that just before you left for a hard day at the forum, would you go? Well, I guess not.

Everyone thinks the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet is so touching. If such things happened today, Romea would be accused of rabbing the cradle. Imagine saying "goodnight, goodnight, parting is such sweet sorrow that I shall say goodnight till it be morrow" to a fourteen year old girl! At that age I had to be in bed at ten o'clock.

In Hamlet there is so much action that it almost slays me. It might as well, everyone else is slain - his mother, uncle - father, girlfriend, her father and brother, and most of Hamlet's other acquaintances.

In Henry IV we have more bloody battle fields. At least here we have a more human element. Prince Hal and Falstaff are do-badders, who enjoy ordinary pleasure, like the life of the tavern. But then they like highway robbings too. Then in Henry V Prince Hal as king is a good guy. How dull.

Maybe Shakespeare could be more enjoyable for me if I could rearrange the characters. I think the grave digger in Hamlet would be a great companion for Richard II's Queen. The grave digger is such a jolly guy, and the poor queen cries much too much. The Duchess of York in Richard II and Falstaff from Henry IV would be just fine. Shakespeare insists on murders and deaths, and these two could talk one another into the grave. Then I could call on my friend the grave-digger again.

Glendower from Henry IV and the ghost of Hamlet's father would get along well. Glendower loved the supernatural, and King Hamlet was rather a nice ghost.

But Shakespeare has departed this world so he will never know of my fine suggestions far improving his work. Then too, I could tell him that I think a few of his phrases are a little worn out, and that he shouldn't use them. Like "there's something rotten in the state of Denmark", and "woe is me" and so on. How unoriginal can you get?

Author Anonymous





ATHLETICS



TEAM CAPTAINS L-R: Mike Roney, Keith Kindree. FIRST ROW L-R: Brian Felker (Manager), Graham Hayhoe, Steve Schomberg, Jeff Bradford, Larry McArthur, Gary Footwinkler, Al Phillips, Bob Goss, Ramsey Travers, Bob Ramsden, Wayne Stokley (Manager). SECOND ROW L-R: Coach Sharratt, Doug Blackwell, Gord Bagley, Don Morrow, Dave Parkinson, Dave Vowles, Rick Lackey, Wayne Thorton, Casey Bruyn, Fred Humphries, Jim Barr, Jim Lapthorne, Coach Dunlop. THIRD ROW L-R: Ted Halley, Jerry Lazar, Mike Flynn, Paul Hart, Glyn Rosser, Mike Essex, Stu Bell, Bob Smith, Dennis May, Randy Heimpel, Frank Sworik. ABSENT: Bill Lewis.

Senior Football

UNDEFEATED CHAMPIONS

"-----inches made them champions, and they made their own luck. A Colonel Earl Blaik, head football coach of the West Point cadets used this statement to summarize his undefeated team of 1946.

Another great football coach, perhaps not quite as well known as Colonel Blaik, also has an outstanding record unequalled by a London coach in quite some time. With a record of 20 wins and 3 losses in the last 3 years, there remains little doubt in his player's minds that Coach Dunlop is truly a leader and a fine gentleman.

Will Rice once said "Champions are just people who try harder." Although this statement is very true, I feel various other factors brought that battered old trophy back to London's best. Surely teamwork and devotion to our coaches were major ingredients.

Throughout the season we tried to maintain a feeling of unity, with no one individual being more important to the team. Everyone gave 100% and although some players received more acclaim for their efforts, they were only an intricate part of a team, a unit.

When a team plays a game, it must have many assets to insure victory. Possibly the most important ingredient is devotion to its coaches Mr. Sharratt devised about 20 defensive setups to combat various offensive formations. The result -- a confident unit with supreme trust in its coach. With a play-book with fine formations and nearly one hundred plays, Mr. Dunlop instilled a similar emotion in his offensive team!

The repetition of the word "units" rather than "individual" I feel, spells the success of this year's team. Beck won games before but not like this year. A love for the game, confidence, solidarity and above all trust and devotion to a coach brought Beck its long-deserved title.

"If football is the game most like war it is also the game most like life, for it teaches young men that work, sacrifice, selflessness, competitive drive, perseverance, and respect for authority are the prices one pays to achieve worthwhile goals."

Thanks, Coach Dunlop and Coach Sharratt, from all of us.

Keith Kindree

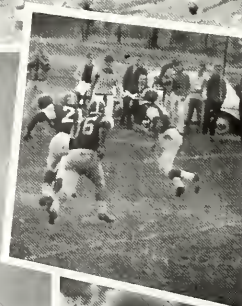
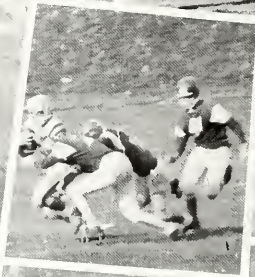
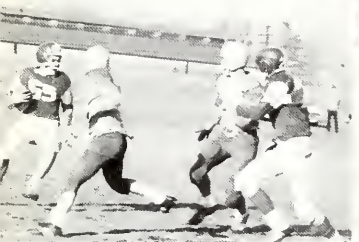
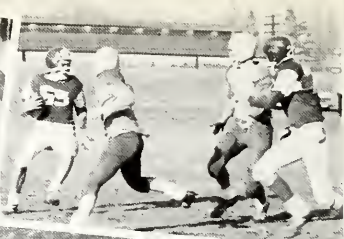
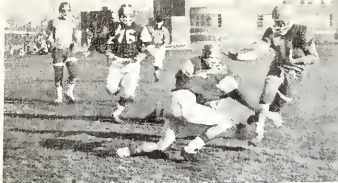


FIRST ROW left to right: Bob Chadwick, Bob Princepe, Ron Grundy, Pete Smolders, Larry Jones, Al Harris, Mike Magillvary, Brad Foster. SECOND ROW: Dennis Harloff, Pat Ryan, Rick Macallistrum, Paul Majeski, Mr. Walker, Bill Chadwick, Tom Buchner, George Keeler, Al Morrison, Syd Bruin, Mr. Fuller. THIRD ROW: John Ciriello, Greg Griffin, Wayne Hamilton, Joe Jursie, Jeff Corsade, Rick Curran, Guy Debock, Stan Diavolitsis, Al Lincoln, Collin Lowndes, Dave Mawson.

Football

FIRST ROW: left to right: Carol Clinton; Coral Kennedy; Daphne Weir; Bonnie Davis; Betty Axon (capt.); Sharon Evans; Ronnie Arnold; Mary Lawrence; Carolyn Morrison. SECOND ROW: Terry-Lynn Dick; Renate Bruckschwaiger; Nancy Gamble; Joan Belton. THIRD ROW: Russ Leal; Brian Felker.





VOLLEYBALL



FIRST ROW L-R: Mike Parkinson, Rick Belton, Russ Leal, Dave Gower, Cy Patton, SECOND ROW L-R: Mr. Benbow, Faul O'Neal, Ken Parker, Ken Smith, John Collier. ABSENT: Randy Marshall.

FIRST ROW L-R: Steve Innes, Euen Derby, Bruce Canning (captain), Ken Savage, Tino Smiaris. SECOND ROW L-R: Jon Schmehl, Dave Haldane, Doug Benstead, Tom MacLean, Ray Rodrigues, Paul Monteith, Graham Newton. ABSENT: John Beune, Coach Ofner, Tony Bruyn.

SOCCER



VOLLEYBALL



FIRST ROW L-R: Dani Heinen, Marion Beune, Lynn Corby, Rosemarie Falle (Captain), Ruth Shepherd, Marg Brown, Carolyn Morrison. SECOND ROW L-R: Carol Ann Oultram, Sharon Seigner, Betty Axon (Manager), Jacqui Shantz, Miss Dimich (Coach), Joan Belton, Barb Hawley. ABSENT: Judy McLachlin.

FIRST ROW L-R: Pat Taylor, Alana Pafford, Teresa Doyle, Debbie Scott (captain), Leda McKaig, Shelly McCorkell, Diane Williams. SECOND ROW L-R: Pat Evans, Nancy Tuffin, Edith-Ann Michel, Ann Barons (manager), Mrs. Ruddle (coach), Linda Campbell, Sue McTavish, Lesa Kobia. ABSENT: Linda Meyer (scorer).



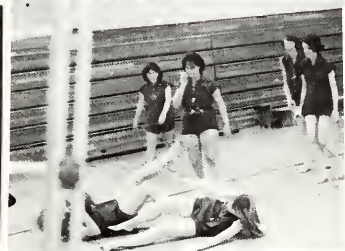


FIRST ROW L. to R.: Marian Beune, Linda Smith, Jackie Shantz (Captain), Evelin Farrar, Hazel Smith. SECOND ROW: Margaret Bake, Nancy Lee, Sharon Russell, Barb Hawley, (Manager), Margaret Brown, Mrs. Hutchison, (coach), Janis Coon, Dani Heinen, Judy McLachlin.

Basketball

FIRST ROW: Debby Scott, Anne Faulds, Sue McTavish (captain), Reda McKaig, Shelley McConkell. SECOND ROW: Patte Evans, Debbie Smith, Linda Campbell, Pat Taylor, Mrs. Ruddle (coach), Darlene Lamperd, Denise Hutton, Edith-Ann Michet. ABSENT: Sheila Asals (manager).







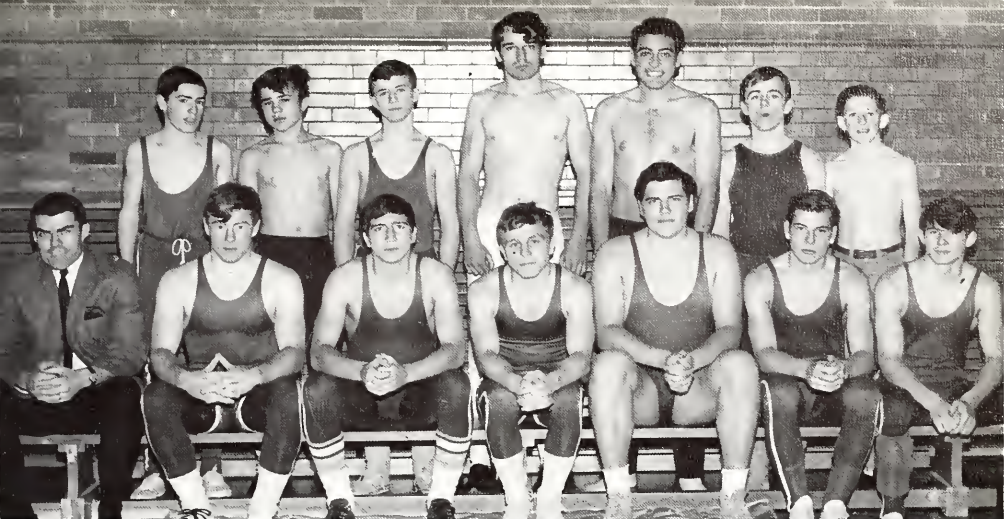
FIRST ROW: Wayne Thornton, Hans Vaulkner, Gerry Lazar, Stu Bell, Ray Rodrigues.
SECOND ROW: Mr. Dunlop (coach), Bob Zinner, Wayne Stokely, Rod Barker, Jim Boland, Jim Lapthorn, Don Matheson.

Boys' Basketball

FIRST ROW: Steve Galattely, Tom Bookner, John Cirello (Captain), Rick Curran, Guy De bock, SECOND ROW: Mr. Fuller (Coach), Rick Mantz, Larry Jones, Henry Adm, Dave Mossin, Pat Ryan, Pete Kennedy.

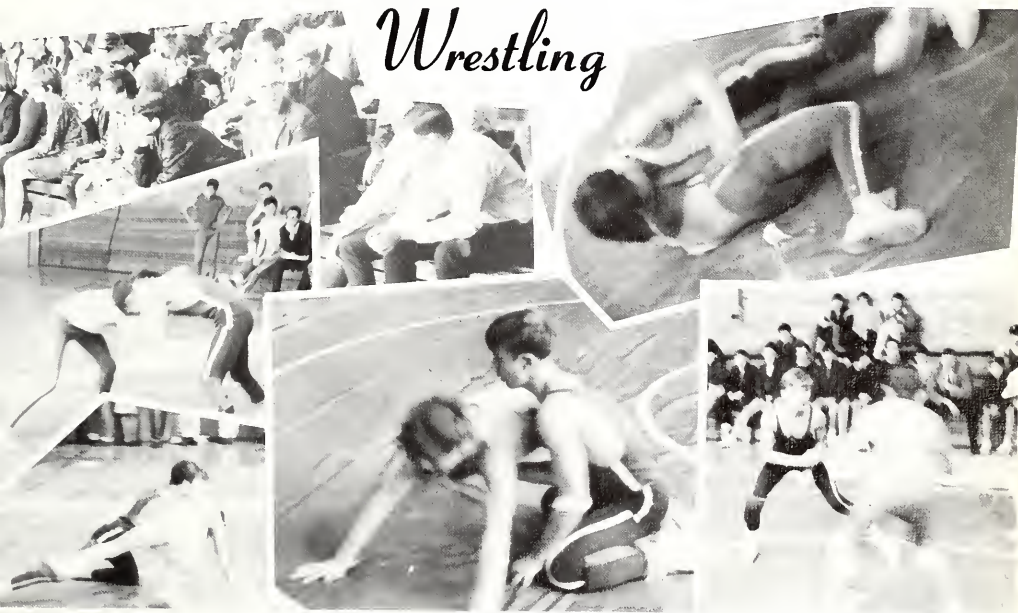


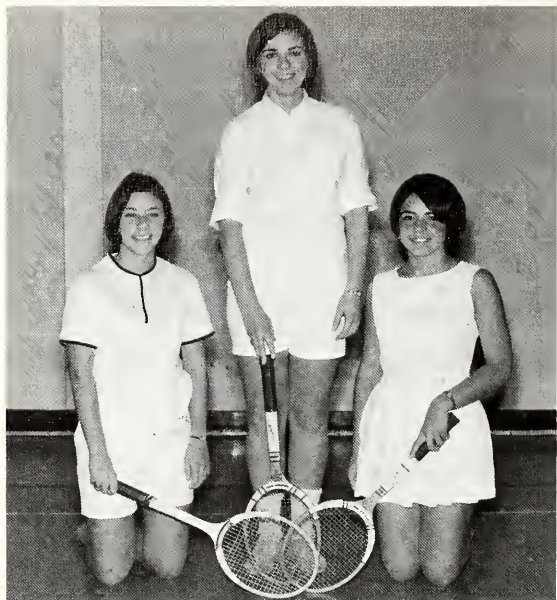




FRONT ROW: L. R. Mr. Sharrat; Keith Kindree; Jim Barr; Laurie Taylor; John Collier; John Giokas; Stan Motlock. BACK ROW: Ron Murphy; Knute Schaeffer; Paul Huras; Don Valee; Sam Circelli; Brian Felker; Fred Boland. MISSING: Bruce Rogers; Brian Darby; Bob Baran; Jeff Bradford; Pete Smolders.

Wrestling





NAMES (L. to R.) Pat Dashford, Renate Bruckschwaiger, Dani Heinen.

Tennis Team

Two girls' teams entered tennis competition in the fall of this year. In the London and District Conference, Dani Heinen was undefeated in the singles' matches and Pat Dashford and Renate Bruckschwaiger tied for second in the doubles matches. They entered WOSSA but failed to win.

Curling

Mile Courlay; Ron Hare.
Gary Crowther; Russ Leal (Skip).



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FIRST ROW L-R: Marg Gordon, Debbie Keast, Christena Dawson, Marg Johnston, Barb Elliot.
SECOND ROW L-R: Terry Lynn Dick, Judy Lee. TOP: Pat Dashford.

Cheerleaders

L-R: Karen Gale, Pat Harkness, Lynn Young, Pat York, Nancy Hales.

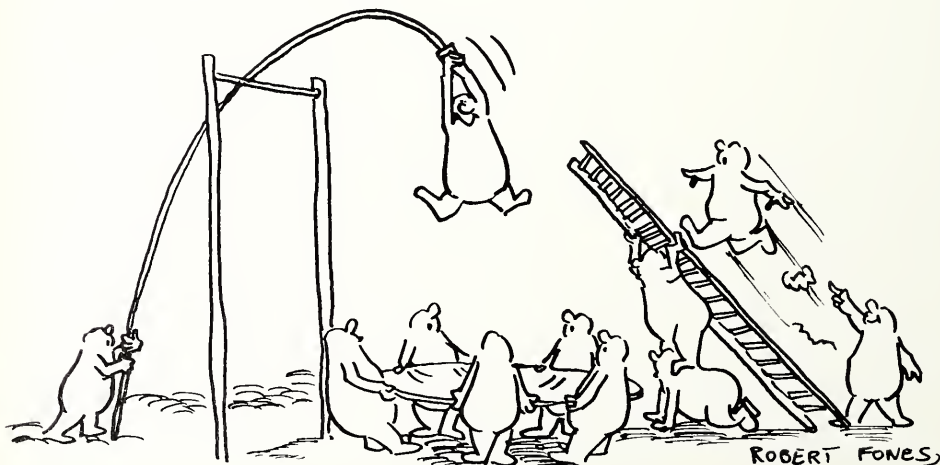




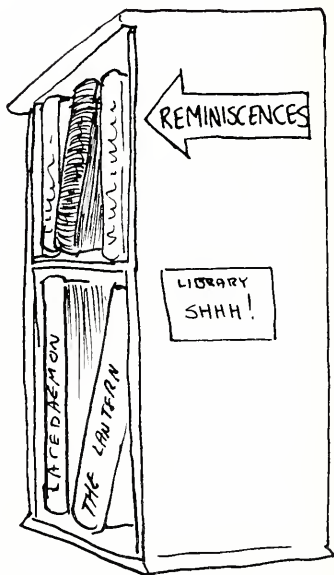
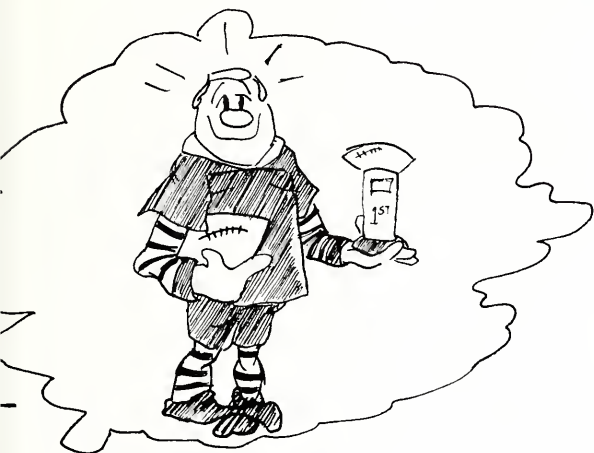
Cross Country

Brian Woodyly, Wayne Stokely, Jeff Bradford, Stu. MacLean, Don Ball, Doug Benstead, Gord Sinclair, John Deschamp, Garnet Thibideau, John McKay, Randy Heimpel, Wayne Northey, Ron Eberts, Barry Northey, Keith Kindree, Paul Parry, Tom Binnington, Boris Polischuk, Ted Belbeck.

'66 Track and Field



BECK: a History





COMPLETED SCHOOL 1927

The completed building was described as "equipped with every modern convenience, of fireproof construction and providing spacious accommodation for work and recreation."

The students of the collegiate, however, were forced to share their modern facilities with their public school counterparts. In 1931, a great sigh of relief might have been heard in the halls of S.A.B.C.I., as the public school classes were transferred to the recently completed quarters in Lady Beck Public School.

As the years passed, and Beck grew in population, it became necessary to add to the school. In 1949, the first of a planned series of additions to the school was begun. A cafeteria was added, built at the back of the original building. The other additions planned, a gymnasium and a classroom wing, never materialized.

Students who graduated from Beck before 1960 wouldn't recognize their alma mater today. For in 1961, an addition was added to the front of the school to create the building we now know so well. At this same time the boys' gym was also built. The addition was designed to be in the same style as the original building.



ORNATE ENTRANCE

In this centennial year a great number of organizations have become historically minded. Many are looking back to the circumstances contributing to their founding and to the achievements, both famous and infamous, they have made. We at Beck have a double incentive to do just that. Besides marking the 100th year of Confederation, 1967 also marks the 40th year of the completion and naming of our school.

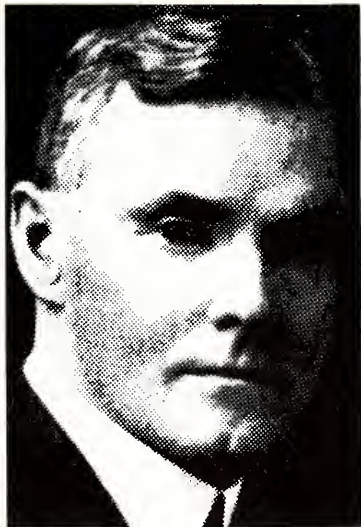
In the year 1924, a growing population in London's east end forced the founding of a secondary school in an old school building on Princess Ave. The name of London East Collegiate was chosen for this establishment. Within one year however, facilities at this location became inadequate and a new collegiate was built on a twenty acre site on Dundas Street, across from Oakland Ave. The land, which was owned by the Ontario government, was purchased by the city through the "good offices" of Sir Adam Beck MPP. The grateful city honoured its illustrious citizen by naming the new school after him.



AN EARLY ASSEMBLY



FORMER LIBRARY



The late John H. Dolan was Beck's first principal. He established the school in its new building and guided the school in the important first few years. He was a versatile man; he invented the desks the precursors of our modern desks, that now stand in Mr. Groat's room. In World War I, he was an airplane fighter pilot.



H. A. Stewart joined the staff in 1932 and guided many of our school teams to victory. In his later years here, he left physical education and specialized in geography. Last year he was called out of his first year of retirement to serve as temporary vice-principal when Mr. Trout was transferred.

Of course, a school is not a building alone, a school is people. And some of the most important people in a school are the teachers. The teachers who are the most associated with Beck's history are the ones who have been here the longest, and who have become the most involved with Beck. Such teachers as Mr. Bartley, Mr. Cropp, Mr. Groat and Mr. Chapman can tell a thousand tales about the school, its traditions and its people.



Mr. Dolan's daughter was also at Beck. Miss Kathleen Dolan was school librarian from 1927 to 1963, when she retired. She made our library the excellent institution it is now. (no slight to Miss Longman intended.)



Mr. Groat, a Latin teacher, presently holds the Beck record for length of tenure. He began teaching at Beck in 1932 and is still here. No lengthy discussion of his exploits need be recorded here, for last year's yearbook was dedicated to him.



GLEE CLUB IN THE '50'S



BAND IN THE '40'S

Beck is a school with many traditions. Music is one of the strongest ones with roots dating back to 1928 with the performance of Beck's first operetta, "The Wild Rose." Operettas since then have included several by Gilbert and Sullivan: *The Mikado*, 1955, *The Pirates of Penzance*, 1962, and *H. M. S. Pinafore*, 1951, 1961. In other years, Beck has staged a variety show "Beck on Call" and recently has inaugurated an annual Music Night. Beck's Glee Club has also been on radio and has made several tours. Our singing auditoriums began in 1931 and have been continued ever since.



H.M.S. PINAFORE 1951

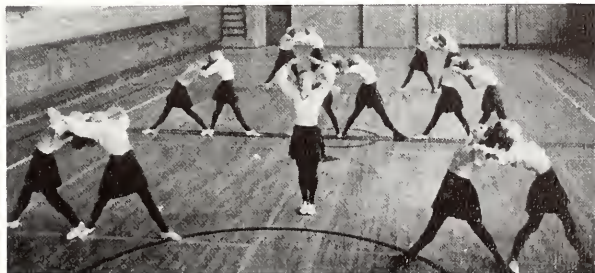


EARLY RUGBY TEAM

Another Beck tradition is that of sports. Beck is a football and basketball school. In the first six years of football conference play, Beck won the title four times. We have won the London basketball championship regularly, and our team of 1957 won the All-Ontario Championship. This year of our 40th anniversary has been a good example of our proficiency in our two athletic specialties, as we won both basketball and football championships.



GIRL'S CHAMPIONSHIP BASKETBALL TEAM 1928



"THAT GIRLISH FIGURE"



Beck, for several year, had an army militia corps. It was frequently commended for its excellence, and in 1957 won the much coveted Strathcona Shield.

Major Cropp (2nd from left in front row) was training officer, Second Lieutenant Bartley (2nd from right, front) was quartermaster and Captain Rice (front, right) was an instructor.

Beck has a literary tradition as well. From 1927 to 1936, Beck had an excellent school magazine. A copy of the first issue of the "Lantern," as it was called, was presented to Lt. Governor W. D. Ross in 1927 when he officially opened the school. The magazine won several prizes for its excellence. In 1933, it won the prize for being the best school magazine in Ontario, and in 1934 it was voted the 2nd best. That year, Dorothy Cooper, was editor.

The Spartan was started in 1961 and in 1965, was adjudged the 5th best school newspaper in western Ontario by the UWO Gazette.



1929 LANTERN STAFF

A. Bartley, Editor

Over the past 40 years, the staff and students of Beck have witnessed and been part of many proud moments. There were, however, occasions that might not give cause for a Spartan to raise his head.

During the war years, 1400 trees were planted as a part of a conservation programme. It was intended that the trees serve to remind all future students of the rewards of good conservation practices. Yet within two years every one of these trees had burned down.

The trees seemed to have had as long a lease on life as the ill-fated cricket team of 1929. Despite the efforts of an athletically-minded student, A. Bartley, it seemed that there existed an apathy towards cricket. Perhaps this well-established game might furnish a suitable alternative to the junior football teams of recent years.

By 1939, the students were tired of staring at the blank walls of their basement cafeteria. To overcome this problem, art teacher, Selwyn Dewdney, and his art students created a ten panel mural. The mural received critical acclaim and was featured in Saturday Night Magazine. Today these celebrated panels have as their viewers only the custodians, who now empty the basement room for their purposes.

One could journey down to the subterranean part of Beck to view those forsaken treasures. He would do so at his own risk, however, for it is rumoured that Beck has a prowling ghost. It all started, but perhaps it is best to let the elements of the supernatural make their own presence felt.



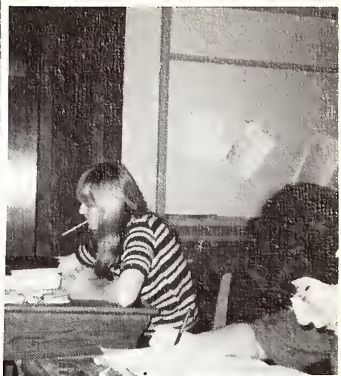
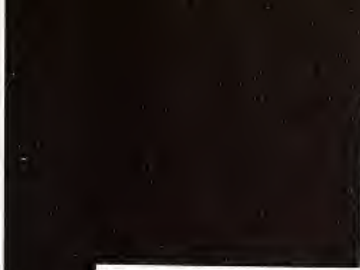
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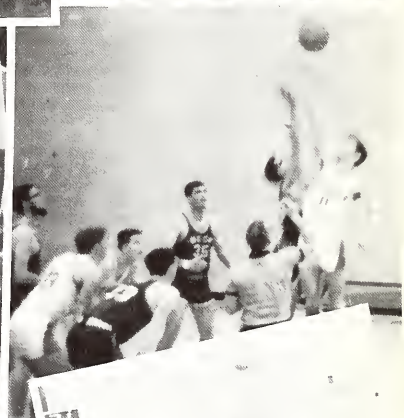
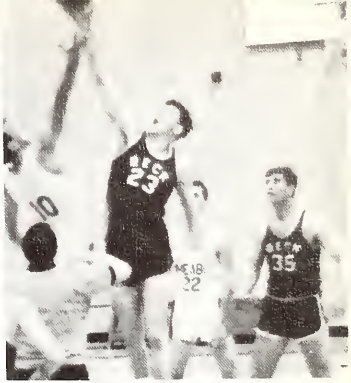
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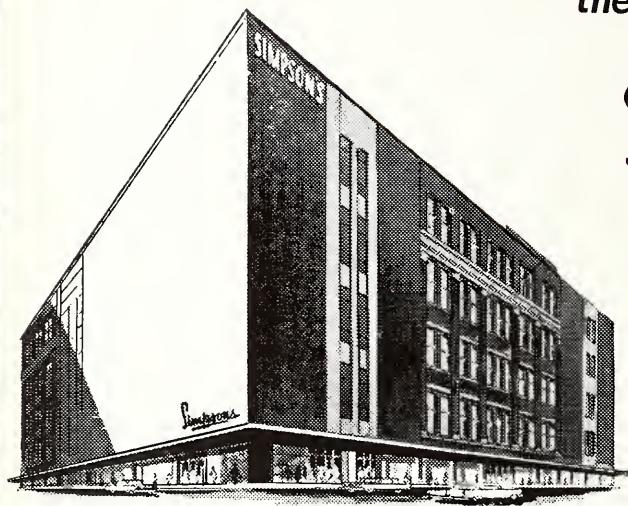
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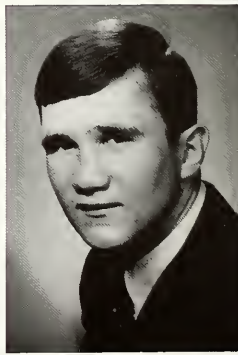
Patricia Dashford



Bob Zinner



Debbie Keast



Mike Raney

We are proud of these four representatives of Sir Adam Beck School in Simpson's Collegiate Club. It is with the help of them and their fellow club members from other London secondary schools that Simpson's keeps pace with young ideas. . . another reason why the "with it" gals and guys enjoy shopping at Simpson's.





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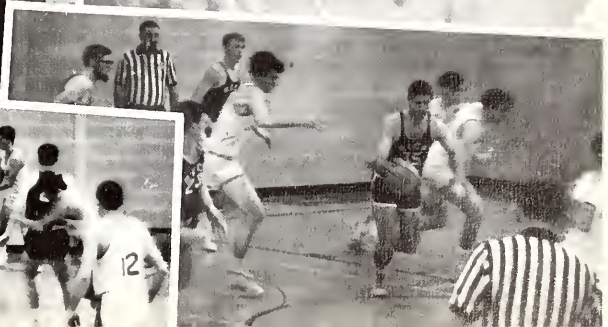
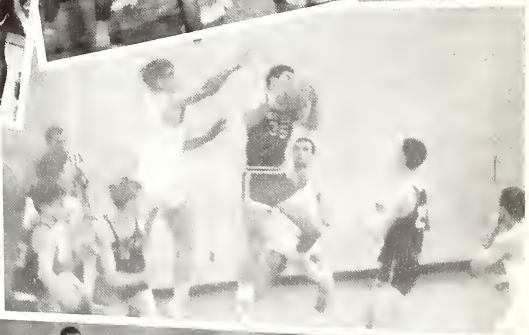
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